

POLEMICAL
ZINE



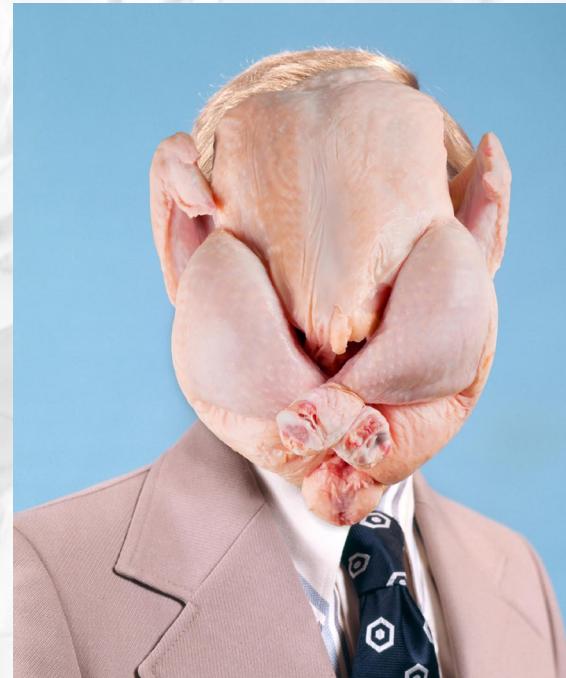
Issue 11, Vol. 1: Social



ISSUE 11: SOCIAL VOLUME 1

"For all of us who have **something to say.**"

HEGEMONY



COVER

All work is the property of its original artist. Thoughts and opinions expressed in the works of Issue 11: Social and Postscripts podcast belong to each individual and independent author.

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WRITING



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VISUAL ART



POETRY



VIDEO



MUSIC



PODCAST



BEHANCE.NET/LAALDJANI3234
"DOUBLE TAP"

COOL

You're worth
more than
the number
of Likes



Pop

Culture

18



DEAR READER

royalty, and charismatic, extroverted socialites, to anonymous confessions behind screens, instantaneous, online news (fake or otherwise), nobody-turned-influencers, and internet friends – people with whom you haven't exchanged two words, yet somehow you know how they feel about their latest breakup and where they vacationed with their family last March.

Now that's not to say technological progression has been entirely destructive to our social lives. In fact, this magazine – this whole *community* we've created – was only made possible through social media platforms. By posting a couple of graphics to Instagram, what started as a Toronto-based, one-off, 50-page arts publication, quickly turned into a global network of 400+ artists in 42 countries and 11 multi-volume editions. The Internet and other modern-day technologies have allowed us to unite artists across the world to create something much bigger than ourselves.

Over the course of 2019, we've been fortunate enough to take on 9 volunteer staff members from countries all the way from Canada, to Saudi Arabia, to Ireland and Australia. We've also almost doubled our library of publications, releasing Issue 07: Ugly, Issue 08: Colours, Issue 09: Question, Issue 10: Sweet, and now, Issue 11: Social.

Plus, with the launch of the Social edition comes the release of our very first issue-specific podcast – and what could be a better theme to help us kick off our launch than '*social*'? [Postscripts](#), Polemical's brand-new podcast series, was just made available on SoundCloud, giving us yet another outlet to showcase your incredible talents (and giving you a chance to delve even deeper into our themes!)

As we continue to experiment with layouts, challenge traditional processes, and expand to different mediums, we hope you'll continue to lend us your support. It has always been our mission to create a community where **everyone** can be an artist, and despite recent growth, this will always remain at the core of everything we do.

Looking forward to 2020, we are excited to introduce you to the fresh faces on our team and gather feedback on how you'd like to see Polemical grow. Not to mention we are absolutely itching to begin piecing together our highly anticipated LOVE edition, and we promise we have plenty of equally compelling (and fun!) themes on the horizon.

I cannot thank you enough for sharing your most vulnerable art with us, for eating up every page of our magazines, and for sending sincere words of encouragement over the past two and a half years.

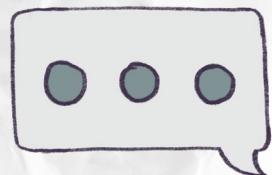
Please trust me when I say I cannot wait for our next adventure.

Much love,
Rebecca McLaren xoxo



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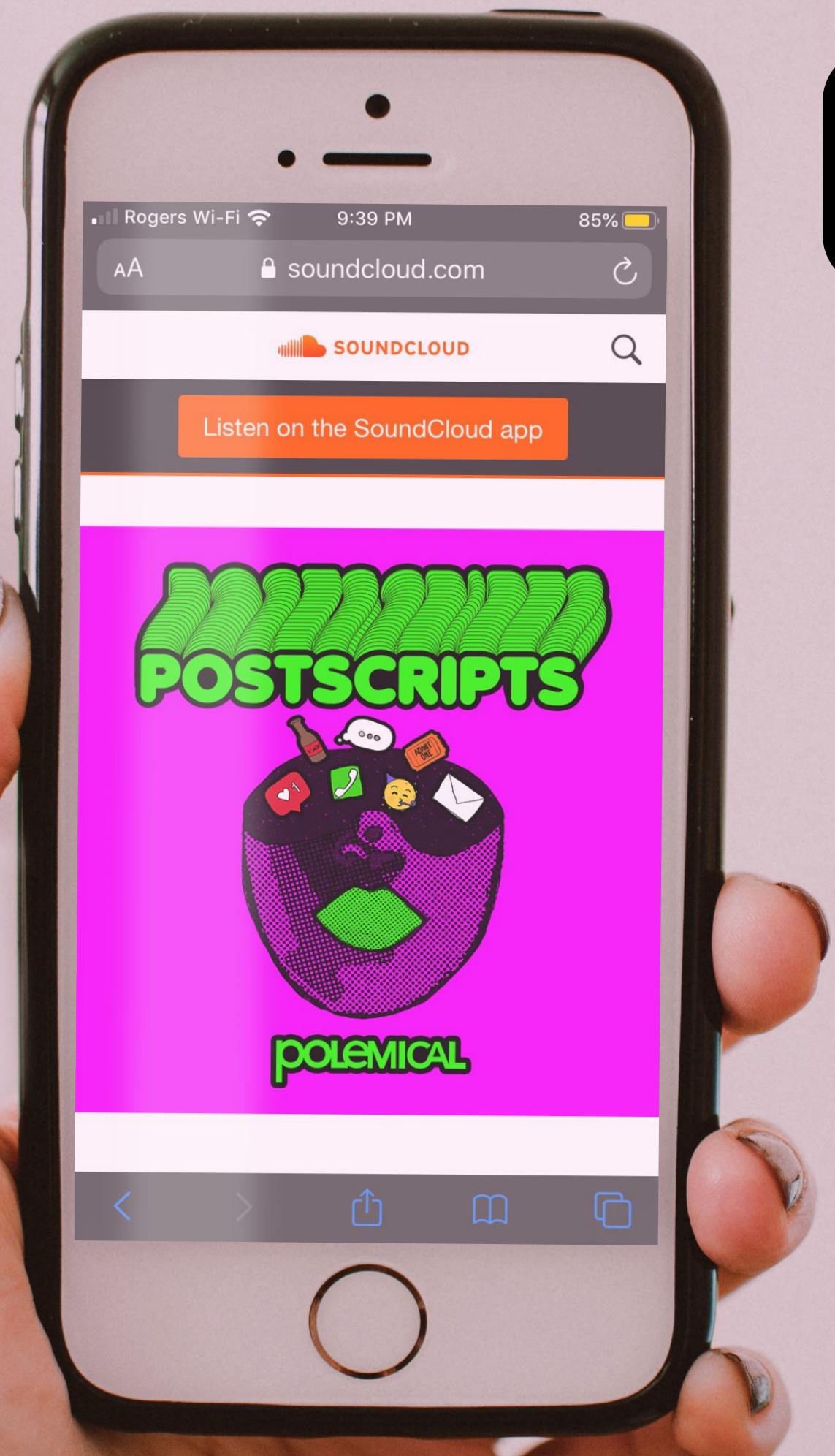
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STAFF

Rebecca McLaren, @babygotbecs

10:58-20:28

VISUAL ART

Curtis Bergesen, @collagetheworld

20:37-30:08

MUSIC/VIDEO

BREMELY, @iambremely

30:12-39:28

PHOTOGRAPHY

Katy Smith, @katysmithphotos

39:35-47:33

WRITING/POETRY

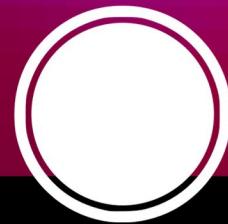
Mette, @metametacollective



**CHECK OUT OUR
NEW PODCAST!**



TECH ON MY MIND | SANJÉ JAMES | WAKE FOREST, NC, USA | @MOOSEKATT





TOP
WIRE
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Not for Me

new faces, new places,
there's beer pong in the basement.
the stench of skunk and heavy petting
the cat in some guy's bedroom.
your bright yellow jacket
disappears into the swarm
of buzzing chatter and electronic beats.

they're more your friends, not mine,
but they hand me a shot
so I think 'this is my shot,'
and it burns going down
but not as much as the shame
when it comes choking back up.

thanks for the invite but
I don't get another invite,
but I'm not too surprised
they used weedkiller
on the wallflower.



UNOOCHA MAGAZINE:

AN INTERVIEW WITH FATIMA AL-JARMAN

1. HI FATIMA, YOU'RE THE EDITOR OF UNOOCHA. COULD YOU TELL US A LITTLE BIT ABOUT IT, AND ABOUT WHAT YOU DO?

Unootha is an e-mag and platform dedicated to exploring womxnhood through creative work. There's a lot of aspects to my job: I make the final edits of all our content, handle emails, run the social media accounts and so on. But my job is only one part of the time, effort and creativity that it takes to run Unootha; everything comes down to both the individual and the collective endeavours of my team members - Nouf, Halima, Kamelia, Shayma, Sarah - and I.

2. HOW DID YOUR MAGAZINE JOURNEY BEGIN? WHAT INSPIRED YOU TO CREATE

UNOOCHA?

I started Unootha because I was seeking a publication like it. I wanted a publication that allowed womxn of all ages and backgrounds to express themselves honestly and creatively. I wanted a safe space, a world of literature and art that gave me a sense of solace.

3. WHY UNOOCHA? CAN YOU EXPLAIN WHAT UNOOCHA MEANS TO NON-ARABIC SPEAKERS?

Unootha is Arabic for womanhood. I think it concisely and accurately represents what our magazine is all about. The name sort of came to me out of nowhere, and I was never sure whether I liked it completely or not. I think I've fallen in love with it now, though.



4. HOW DID YOU GO ABOUT CREATING UNOOCHA?

I started first by making a mock/draft website. There were several versions of our site, each with a different theme and design, before we eventually settled on our main and current one. After making the website, I created the Unootha Instagram and Twitter accounts. And that was about it when it came to physically creating it, but building up the idea of what Unootha could be took a lot of time, a lot of research, and a lot of believing in myself.

5. WHAT ARE YOUR GOALS WITH THE MAGAZINE?

The goal has always been to create a safe space for self-expression, and I think





that still reigns supreme. Another one would be to cultivate a community that feels represented and feels deeply connected to the work we produce.

6. FROM YOUR PERSPECTIVE DO YOU FEEL LIKE CREATING A MAGAZINE THAT IS TARGETED TO MENA WOM-XN SPECIFICALLY HARDER THAN ONE GEARED TO ANYONE? HOW SO? ARE THERE ANY BOUNDARIES YOU HAD TO BREAK TO CREATE UNOOCHA?

Honestly, I think it was the easiest decision I made in regards to designing Unootha. I think it's what sets us apart and makes us who we are. And I don't know if I can say we've broken any boundaries, though I do think that the stories and work that our contributors share are groundbreaking in their own right.

7. YOU RECENTLY UNVEILED A PODCAST, CAN YOU TALK TO US ABOUT IT?

Yes, we did! Our podcast is titled Broadening Unootha, which, in itself, is indicative of what we're trying to achieve through it: to broaden conversations and narratives of womxnhood in the region. The episodes act as audio companions to our issues, where we discuss the theme selected for the month as well as particular pieces within the issue.

Our first two episodes revolved around our sixth issue themed Bodies, and was hosted by Nouf, Shayma and Sarah of Unootha as well as Shukriya (@brokeindubay), who was featured in the issue.

8. WHAT ARE THE THINGS THAT DRIVE YOU TO CONTINUE MAKING UNOOCHA?

I think I've reached a point in my life where

not pursuing Unootha would genuinely fill me with emptiness. It's something that I see as an innate feature of my existence; working on it and producing content for it comes as natural to me as breathing.

9. WHERE DO YOU FIND YOUR CONTRIBUTORS? OR HOW DO YOUR CONTRIBUTORS FIND YOU?

Our contributors find us via social media for sure. Instagram and Twitter have become indisputable when it comes to sharing our content and making Unootha accessible.

10. IN TERMS OF SUBMISSIONS, IS THERE A SPECIFIC TOPIC OR THEME THAT YOUR TEAM GRAVITATES TOWARDS MORE? WHAT WOULD LIKE TO SEE SUBMITTED MORE?

Not necessarily. We care about the quality of the work and its message more than anything else. We'll always appreciate work that's more outspoken or "controversial", but, I think, more than anything, we seek genuine and meaningful content.

11. DO U HAVE ANY PLANS WE SHOULD BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR?

We're currently in the process of planning a few UAE-based events as well as our seventh issue, so please anticipate more details on those. Please look forward to what the future has in store for Unootha!

@UNOOTHAMAG
UNOOCHA.COM



YEARBOOK

This conceptual work tries to give a personal response to a bigger project entitled 1 2 3 No Hashtags. The main purpose is to stop prejudices and social rejection. This page recreates an American Yearbook as a symbol of achievement, realization and fulfillment. In the same philosophy, it tries to fight for equality, the different protagonists succeed at being diverse, no matter their age, gender identity, height, weight or other basic reasons for discrimination. The lyrics of Why's It So Hardby Madonna were an important reference and inspiration for Yearbook. The underlying message is to stand up, to value differences and get acceptance through empathy. Every human being can be beautiful in their own way so being in this Yearbook page is a sign of a victory and triumph for each of them.

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Make up Artist: @josemake_up

Hair Artist & Stylist: @kosmospeluqueros @fernando_muji

Journalist: @marysobrino @jymconestilo

Accessories Designer: @hierbalimon

Models: Solaris Adarfio: @masqueunatalla, Yurena Ramos: @kitty_von_freud, Mabe Tefehene: @mabetefehene, Rosalinda Mujica: @rosalindamujik60, Mer Florence Medina: @serdurmiente, Ana Escobar: @anaesco86 & Daniela Arteaga.



Mer Florence Medina



Mabe Tefehene



Ana Escobar



Solaris Adarfio



Rosalinda Mujica



Yurena Ramos



Daniela Arteaga

Yearbook



BREMELY



BREMELY is a Canadian singer-songwriter of R&B, Soul, and Pop.



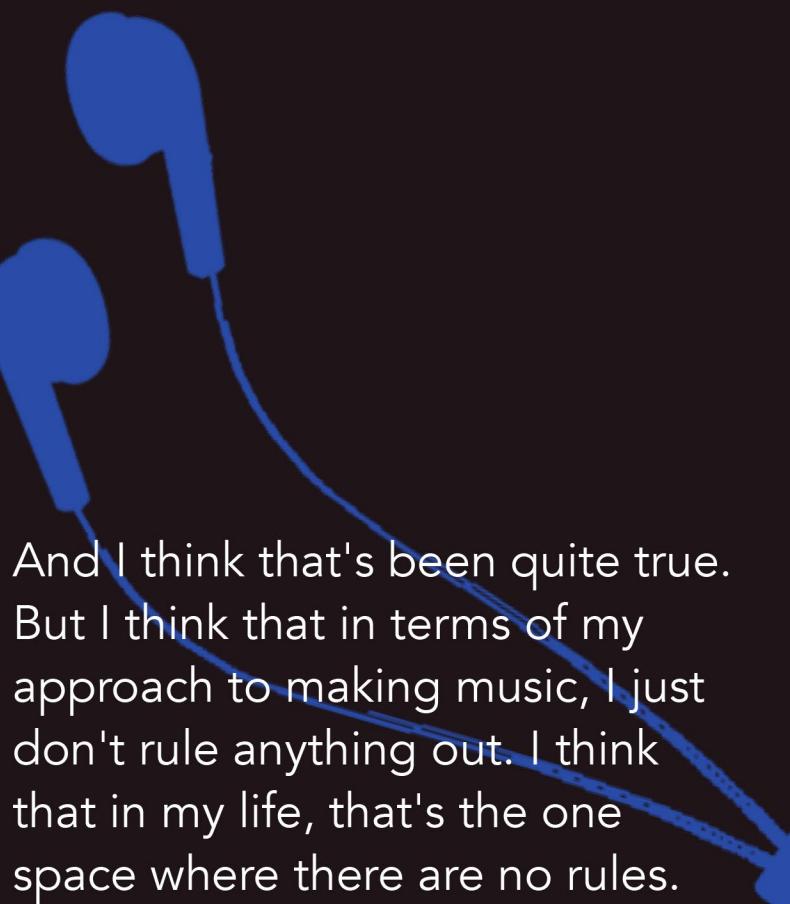
She is known for writing about sensuality and heartache, and will be releasing her debut LP 'Love Sick' in 2020.

Polemical zine sat down with **BREMELY** to discuss her music.



“It's interesting because I have a pretty varied background musically.

I was initially trained in Indian classical music and then I later moved into jazz and soul and pop and that kind of thing. So I think my musical sensibilities or I think how I relate to music can be very, very different than my peers.



And I think that's been quite true. But I think that in terms of my approach to making music, I just don't rule anything out. I think that in my life, that's the one space where there are no rules.





And it's just the
freest place for
me."

**[CLICK HERE TO
HEAR THE FULL
PODCAST
INTERVIEW](#)**





CLICK TO WATCH THE VIDEO FOR *HEAVEN SENT BY BREMELY*



0:14 / 5:25



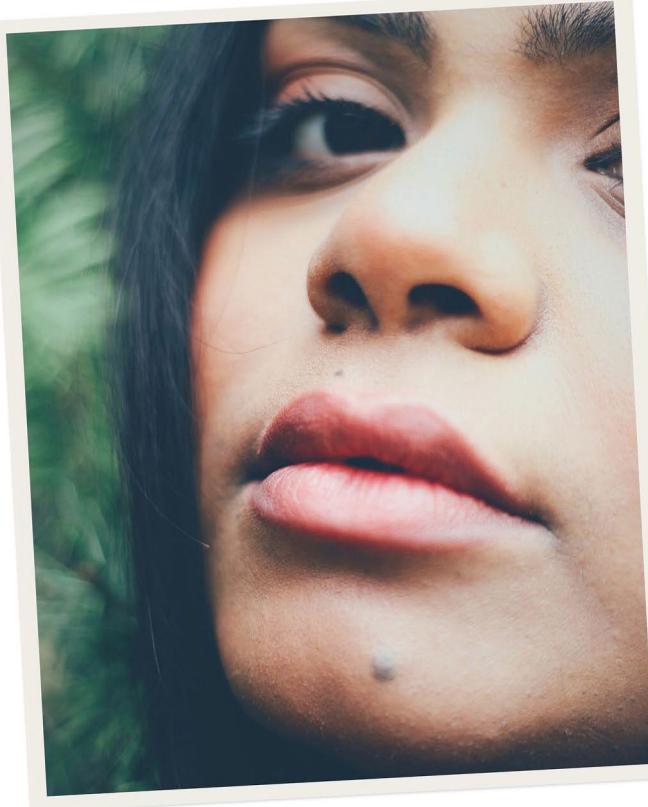
“I’m a woman who is multifaceted and I’m very aware of that.”

“I think by virtue of the fact that I make it a point to write from such a vulnerable place,



I think oftentimes gives access to people.

I think people know, you're not bullshitting people aren't, and so when people hear it, they, they, I think they can, they can feel that it's true, that it's real, that it's coming from a place that they could probably identify with as well.”



Instagram @iambremely
Facebook @iambREMELY
TWITTER @iAMBREMELY



STOP KILLING US
STOP KILLING US
STOP KILLING US



STOP KILLING US
STOP KILLING US
STOP KILLING US

Delicate Doll and Jupiter Doll wear their statement looks to Dragcon in NYC to protest the figurehead invalidating drag done by trans performers.



THE *Jacks'* HOUSE

Kitchen warmth oozing out, dispersing alongside the toasty glow that feels so homely, that feeling of entering a space from the dark outside night after seeing the orange/yellow light of life through the windows.

Big slate topped table, Aga lit, seeming to almost purr with warmth and friendliness from one side of the kitchen. Many hands and faces smiling, busying themselves over chopped potatoes, pots of tea and the icing of cakes. Laughter rippling throughout, interjected with a song here and there, started by one voice, taken up by many.

This is the kind of place I like to be, these are people that nourish and share, that rub your shoulders when squeezing past and smile broadly when you enter the room.



SLOW DANCE / AMARANTHINE | LEXICON LOVE | SYDNEY AUSTRALIA | @LEXICON_LOVE | LEXICONLOVE.COM





My love for you
is like a hot dog placed naked inside your microwave
without even a paper towel wrapped around it, swelling
in feverish heat and nuclear radiation as the digital clock
counts down, getting closer to a BEEP. No slit cut
in its casing, no series of fork pokes down the side
to relieve this growing tension; my love for you
is an Oscar Mayer Wiener that cracks and bursts—
explodes—before you even know it's done.

My love for you
is a hot dog wrapped in aluminum foil before
being pushed inside your microwave. You once
asked me to experiment, thought we'd try the kitchen.
Now we've made a thousand watt lightning storm
inside your house; microwave skies of shooting stars,
the hot dog all swollen and twitching in a countertop
meteor shower; a galaxy of countless wishes
to restart a fire we should probably put out.

My love for you
is a Hostess CupCake heated up inside your microwave
because this poem refuses gender roles in its desire;
for food realities, for food metaphor. My love for you
is well-preserved chocolate cake, stuffed with gooey
white filling, recooked inside your microwave; so deceptive
you cannot know how hot it is, or what it could do
to your innocent tongue, until you touch it
in the middle. And then of course it's far too late.

My love for you
is American junk food. My love for you is starving.

My love for you
is the bowl of water you let steam inside your microwave
so removing all these memories of us will be that much
easier still. The residue from the walls, the overcooked,
uncovered, left and then forgotten times; the splatters,
the hunger, the stubborn stuck-on leftovers of you and me.

My love for you
is convenience store comfort food made uncomfortable
inside a microwave. Your love for me is a vicious
gluten allergy; a series of meals you long for, but wheeze
and gasp and almost die from whenever they touch your lips.

My love for you
is a spare and modern kitchen. Because
before and after you I ate every single meal
leaning in above this sink.





HEM



QUEEN OF HEARTS
STILL BAKING
TARTS.jpg

THE THING FALLING ON

If someone were to total up all of the hours I've spent on social media, I think I'd rather number. I don't need to check; I know it's an indefensible amount. I knew I had a problem in my pocket seems to hold my entire life within its frame, my cheeks hot with shame as my thumb drew on muscle begs the rest of me to realize the error of my ways; yet, its pleas fall on deaf ears as I remain relentless I'm simply awaiting the day I get a repetitive strain injury from it all – *that* may be enough to make me

At the same time, I feel a sense of satiation when my bad habit wins out over my self-control. Once I see what my peers and idols are up to. When I finally break from my trance (an event that often coincides with a moment of physical exertion), I immediately begin to feel the familiar sense of guilt. I pretend I didn't just make my already genetically poor vision worse. I wrack my brain for some other activity to do, but my mind is blank. I body blankly slumps further into the couch. I swat away thoughts of all the different tasks I could have been doing. What if my lack of productivity and immaterial rounded squares within a small, ridiculously expensive object dominate my days? My phone dominates my life. It's a crucial aspect of the human experience. To figure out how I got to this alarming state of dependence, I turn to social media platforms.

Like I imagine many people look back on their first cigarette, I can vividly remember the night I made mine. I did this for this exact reason; not because I was finally entering my teen years, but because the website clearly stated that I was old enough to buy it back then. By the time my birthday rolled around in September, all of my friends were behind that mystic portal. I had a sugar-and-streamer-streaked school day, antsy for the moment I could sprint to my bedroom and open up my laptop. I had typed in my personal information and had my finger poised over the final button, my mom suddenly appeared in the doorway. I was shocked, but I had no time to react. She was livid. Her face immediately contorted as she wagged her finger at me and yelled for my father in a voice that sounded like she had just been hit in the head with a baseball bat. I was too shocked to move. I watched as my dad came into the room and my mom started screaming at him. I was too shocked to move. I watched as my dad started shouting back at her. I was too shocked to move. I watched as my dad smashed my index finger to the enter key with unbridled fervor, my eyes glued to the screen for the final confirmation message.

From that point on, I adopted new social platforms at a steady pace; when I got bored of one, I searched about myself online was eventually worn down by time and FOMO; now, each profile serves as an irreducible part of my identity. The people behind these platforms work day and night to come up with new features that will keep us logging in. A platform doesn't work unless you turn it on; an app doesn't work unless you download it; a profile doesn't exist unless you create it. This is a much more personal issue.

Why do I *let* these outlets for social evaluation into my life? What do I use it to avoid, to replace? It's not a monopoly on any free moment I may have to sit, stand, think, or just be. On those rare times that I've been beholden to any of these things. What made me happy before Instagram? How did I keep up with



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S WE LOSE



LINE

ther give my ex-boyfriend the password for my Netflix account than ever hear the
ket when I found myself cringing every time my hand habitually reached out for the contraption that
memory to slide and tap its way across the smooth glass surface. There is a part of my brain that
in my pursuit to pop the myriad of red bubbles on the other side of my personalized glass box. Now,
think twice. Maybe.

ne my phone is fully in my grasp, an almost carnal hunger takes over, one that needs to know and to
des with me running out of new content on my feed), I rub my sore, silently screaming eyes and
activity to do, some more worthy use of my time, but I feel sluggish, somehow unsatisfied, and my
accomplished instead during all the time I just wasted online. How did I get to the point that
ne dictates how I spend my time, how I feel about myself, how I maintain relationships – frighteningly
, I'd have to trace it all back to my very first social media account – Facebook, the gateway drug of

my Facebook account, just over seven years ago. I had been eagerly awaiting my thirteenth birthday
stated on its splash page that you had to be thirteen to sign up, and I wasn't much of a rule breaker
stical blue door, and I could not keep my fear of missing out at bay any longer. I rushed through the
n my ruby red Dell laptop to complete this rite of passage. Just as I finished entering all of my
my doorway to ask what I was doing. I automatically answered; I wasn't much of a liar back then,
ain attempt to "discuss this". But, I was already long gone. In the split second she looked away, I
rst time. As far as I was concerned she didn't have a say in this, anyway.

ned for a new flavor to try. Any reluctance to partake in all this internet activity or share this much
vocable extension of myself. Admittedly, my phone isn't the culprit here. While it's true that the
ged on, it would be all too easy to blame technology and social media for my problems. A phone
unless you sign up. In reality, my addiction to social media is a side effect of a much larger issue,

ot like my phone and its associated distractions filled a hole in my life; rather, my phone has declared
e managed to pry my eyes away from a screen, I try to remember what it was exactly that I did before
th my friends before Facebook? What made me laugh before Snapchat? How did I follow current



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events before Twitter? Perhaps the answer is, less of everything was enough.

The more pressing inquiry is, do these platforms really make me more social? The easy comments, messages and memes; I can bond with my peers even if we're not in the same acceptance and belonging that comes from being "friended"/"followed" on social media. A valuable enough connection to go through the effort of moving their mouse to click on and see what you share online – the highs and lows of your life (that is, only the highest of highs). An understanding that by letting that person into your online circle, you can trust them now.

I guess in some ways social media has brought me closer to my friends, but it's undeniable that there is a sense of melancholy that comes from seeing posts from various friends all at the same place, together with the rest of the world, a certain ringing sting that comes from realizing that social media created FOMO, but it sure as hell makes it a whole lot worse.

Social media takes the nuance out of social interaction by taking the humanity out of it. It's what we click and what we comment reaches real people on the other side of their own screen. Coworkers are also there watching our every online move (along with the FBI agents in our office who know us better). Our online behaviours, contrary to popular belief, do not exist in a vacuum – that what we say and do online matters as much as in the real world – are often left unchallenged. They use their social media accounts as true platforms, benefitting from the mediation, isolation and convenience of it. I could be using my phone for something more than mindless scrolling; with all the privilege and choice and when I can. Maybe it's that I don't feel like the Right Person to say any of the things I've been thinking already, so there's no point in entering the fray. Or, maybe it's because I'm a libra. At the end of the day, it has made me sad, but I do know that it's a forum that is quickly becoming less of a social space in our modern landscape. While future generations may redefine what means to use social media, I'm curious what we lose when we let others define that for us.



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answer is yes. The internet allows me to interact with people 24/7 through likes, me neighborhood, school, province or hemisphere. There's an addictive sense of media; it makes me feel wanted, flattered, validated that these people see me as a "accept". There's an intimacy, a shared trust inherent in the action of letting someone highs and the shallowest of lows unless you've got a finsta), your whereabouts; there's not to judge you for whichever food festival you go to or whatever swimsuit you wear.

ibly also caused rifts that otherwise never would have happened. There's a unique party that you weren't invited to, that they couldn't resist sharing how happy they were : they didn't even have the decency to try to hide it from you. I'm not sure if social

completely, leaving almost too much room for interpretation. It's easy to forget that screens when a green dot serves as the only sign that our friends, grandmas, and our webcams and dedicated data harvesters in our browser histories trying to get to vacuum but rather serve as a revealing extension of ourselves. The implications of this fact contemplated; for if they were, I like to think that more people would be leveraging and anonymity afforded by online forums to speak their mind with positive intentions. I ege I have in life, I should be using every platform at my disposal to affect change if on my mind. Maybe I don't feel like I have anything to say that hasn't been said e end of the day, I'm not entirely convinced social media has made me happy as much choice and more of a requirement for anyone hoping to thrive, or even simply survive, social media "properly", we must never forget what it truly means to be social – and



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THE HUMAN EXPERIENCE

I want to immerse myself in growth,
an out of body feeling.

Where my body turns inwards, inviting my
soul to find refuge in another.

I dream of exploring the colours of the mind,
where thoughts plant seeds in my consciousness.

I desire to meditate on their essence,
hoping they inspire me to bring more love to the world.

I crave the company of free spirits,
all curious about living in this brief human experience.

As we all vibrate light and darkness,
I long for our energies to cross paths
until the universe decides
it's our time to be awakened elsewhere.

Somewhere beyond our wonder.





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| EMERGINGARTISTPLATFORM.COM/MILICENTFAMBROUGH



UPTIME GIRL

Screen Time has quickly become a political negotiation between the self and the neat little hand-held device that never leaves our side. Between me and... Apple, we share statistics so personal they know the hours spent on the phone to my mum the past week, the comparative minutes spent on "productivity", and all the time I've been inaudibly moaning to myself on notes. I wonder what the financial agenda was for downtime. There has to be an ulterior motive. I refuse to believe that Apple simply want us to spend less time on our phones. Interestingly, alongside downtime insights, iOS 12 additionally brought us the ability to FaceTime with 32 people simultaneously. I quite honestly don't know what situation would invite this kind of eventuality, but I do know I do not want to be involved. More often than not, downtime translates to a solipsism. You become isolated in a very quiet and peaceful void. Barren of virtual interaction for hours (hours!) at a time - we have to learn to assimilate. Assimilate back to in-person interaction. Ugh. I find myself sighing all too often, sipping my hot tea, and yet again dragging my thumb across the screen and plugging in 4 numbers. I can barely put my phone on aeroplane mode before my skin starts to itch. I'm challenging myself. I've been in the states for a week now; no facebook, insta, twitter, no pings, or rings, or, most notably, tinder. I watched "You've Got Mail" with my family, witnessing Meg Ryan's role in a plaintive quasi-dating app love story. The 90's were like a living downtime bar email. Downtown New York and Tom Hanks plays the deplorable business tycoon. I don't even like him, but... I get it. Meg and I are far too similar, a sucker for a literary fuckboy with a golden retriever.

One of my closest friends regularly engages in a digital detox - a frequent clean break from any online platform. This is quite frankly admirable, I'm trying to go cold turkey for 2 weeks and it is hard. The will to not cave and reinstall is palpable. I think instead we need to exercise a collective downtime, a keys-in-the-middle-of-the-table situation. Maybe we should enforce a democratic phone amnesty? More and more I see smug indie cafes outlawing wifi in favour of real interaction. How righteous. Their hearts are going to break when I tell them about 4G. And yet I think it could work, it should work. Collectively we are resistant to being told not to do something, even if we know it is for the betterment of our wellbeing. Regardless, enforced downtime feels like an abuse of authority, a manipulative act of complacence. And what is "up" time? Those lost moments rattling by whilst we browse Facebook or scroll through Twitter? If anything, that is my least "up" time, that is quite positively my most "down" time. A glazed over, dull swipe, time after time after time. I can breathe easy when I'm told not to engage. "5 minutes until downtime". I bring my head up, turn my phone face down, and put the kettle on.

We are living a life of uptime. We are quite literally developing and evolving our bodies to hold and operate smart phones more efficiently. The way our hands comfortably accommodate to soft curves and the ergonomic home button mirror a sincere ode to addiction. Or perhaps habit, the gentler, more appropriate, and palatable sister of a notably concerning condition. In researching I learn that companies are trying to patent gesture. Gesture. The pinch-to-zoom movement being already covered long before Apple got there. Social media is literally being written into our fingertips. Any downtime from the online has an extensive half-life wired into our stubby digits. We can't undo this. This is the next phase. This hails back to needing to be kept busy, our hands wanting to be constantly occupied, only now our brains have followed. Downtime means holding empty space and being ok with it, revelling in it. I find myself waiting for the notifications, not missing them. How bleak. I haven't lost hope, though. I'm finding the small moments of clarity

where the internet connection fails me and I learn what it is to be absent, if briefly. I think back to school and the flack you'd get from teachers after long absences, letters home and repeated X's on the register. Being present is praised, and this has been irrevocably maintained, even after 3pm.

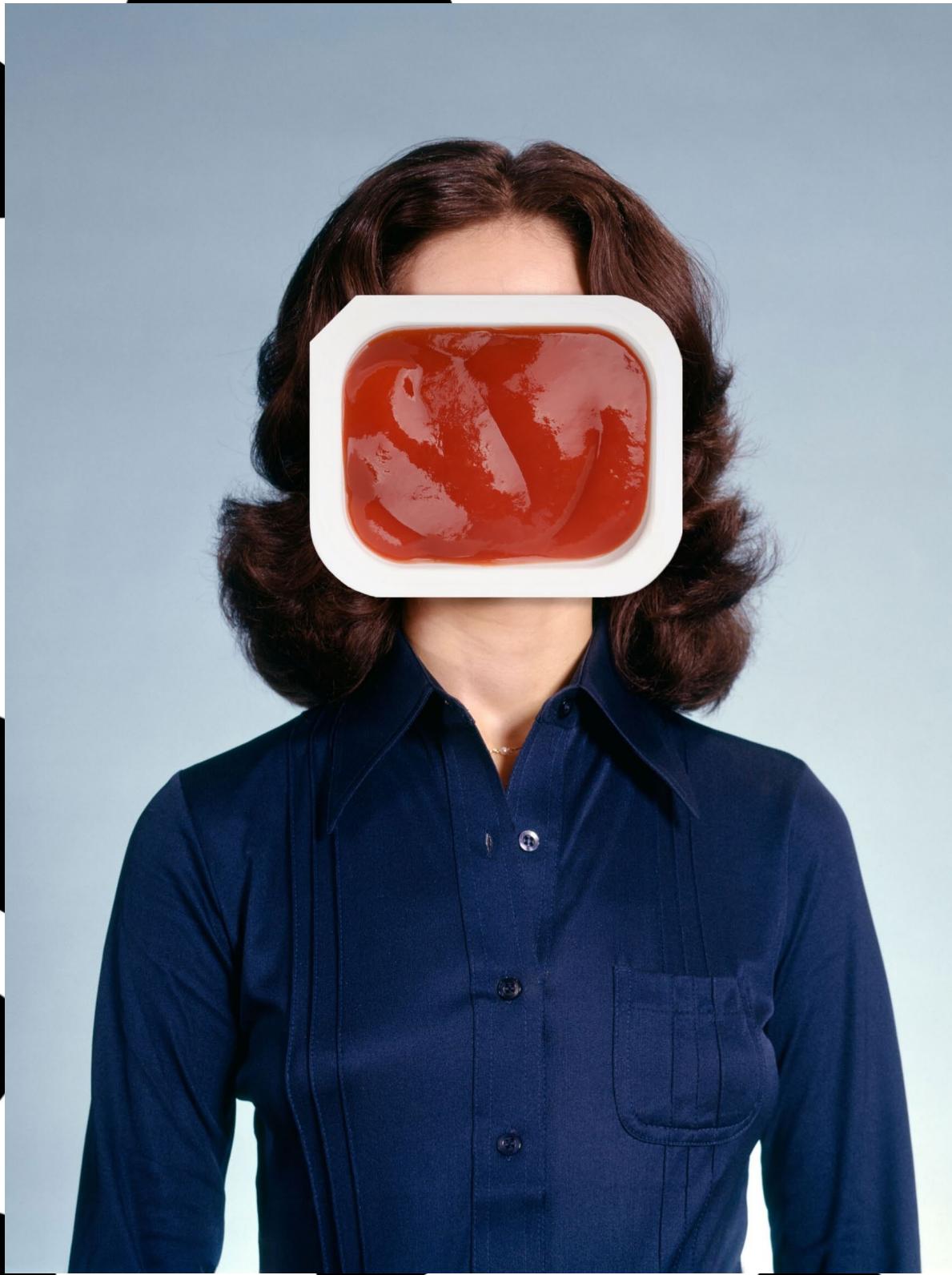
I'm slowly gaining time back. Down or up? I settle in the middle. Moderation suits me. I set downtime whilst I sleep, the default setting being 10pm to 7am. Apple likes to think of downtime as a "nap for your screen time", and I'm ok with this, except that my nap is a deep and undisturbed slumber, never to be interrupted. It's a bit of a cheat, really, who's on their phone whilst they're unconscious? But it's a good start, weaning myself off the beeps in favour of silence. I'm starting to pick up my book and put down my phone. I'm beginning to close the lid of my laptop and pick up the phone... to call my friend. That's ok, right? Somehow voice to voice seems more acceptable, more personable, less soporific. Even Apple excludes "phone" from downtime, ironically. I realise this is all very indulgent. I don't actually have that many notifications, usually it's just GAP letting me know about 30% off sleep wear, and I could do with holding on to that one, actually.

Mette

Mette is a young creative, curator, and collector. Write her a letter: **letters2mette@gmail.com**







GUYS AND GIRLS
CAN BE FRIENDS...

?

...

I KNOW
I CAN
GET OVER
you, BUT I DON'T
WANT TO... I



WANT YOU!



The letter I never wrote you
Rebecca McLaren

You always said if it's meant to be, it'll be
but I call bullshit on your words.
They drip in cowardice,
reek of laziness.
Because nothing worth anything comes easy...
or at least, you didn't.

I wanted you to fight for me
- to fight for what you wanted -
but you only wanted me
when I fell into your lap,
when it was easy,
when it was meant to be...

I thought we'd fought before,
but maybe it was only me.
Or maybe the future fights aren't worth it
(although, I think maybe they could be).

You always said if it's meant to be, it'll be
but what happened to taking chances?
I, too, feel like having you would solve everything.
Like maybe, it was meant to be.

Maybe you just had to fight for us...
or at least, fight for me.

MCARENREBECCA.WIXSITES.COM/PORTFOLIO



PODCAST
FEATURE!



ONLINE





The local Wetherspoon's,
My social arena for the evening.
A triple whiskey slides down glass,
Stoking a flame in my throat.
Makes me feel like I'm Tommy Shelby.

Teenage years saw me smoking quite a bit,
Nowadays I tell myself I only smoke socially.
Of course, when the drink goes in,
All sense departs and my tampered brain,
Itches for a past desire of nicotine and smoke.

I am my own company this evening, lone wolf.
So I'll need to find myself a smoker,
Somebody with a soft spot for a blue-eyed boy,
Who'd be more than willing to part ways
With a carcinogenic conversation stick.

Pushing comfort zones is one of my hobbies,
Talking to strangers is how I source an income.
So I easily wade through the smoking area,
In search of a smoker with a lovely smile,
Because a smile is all a salesman needs to see.

So begins the small talk to passers by,
I don't like to waste time with the wrong people,
So I make quick assumptive questions to qualify,
I'm not looking a smoke from anybody,
I'd rather smoke socially with the right person.

My ruby is standing on her own beside a plant.
Some city-born starlet with silver hair in a white dress,
She holds a cigarette with regal command, head tilted.
I've seen over a thousand faces today, and I know,
From one look in her eyes that I've met an angel of death.

Ever one to pursue danger, I approach this lady,
My opening words are to make clear my intention,
Most men talk to her to try and take her home,
Objectify her with every word, diminish her to physicality,
Me? I'm just a wee boy from the sticks who needs a smoke.

Woman are much more fun to talk to if you ask me,
I was raised by them, so I ought to know.
Conversation flows like the beer from the taps,
Light glimmers off her nose ring and catches my eye,
A warning shot, that I'll just pretend I never received.

She told me that she had a dream one night,
That she recognises my face from that particular dream.
Apparently I saved her from drowning then made her tea,
I told her about how I once pulled my dog from the river,
So I've got experience in that department to an extent.

The lull arrives, that very dangerous lull, when eyes lock.
My line of work makes me forget when I'm being flirtatious,
She edges towards me, like she said she did in her dream,
Before her lips meet mine I have to stop her.
There's another girl I'd rather see in a white dress.

Compromise arrives in the form of a friendly hug,
We follow each other on social media, of course.
I bid her a good night and let her walk away,
I watch her go, seeing the leering eyes surround her,
She looks back one last time. One last smile.
I'm left, cigarette and whiskey in hand, to mull it all over.



STEEZY ON DOOMSDAY

an interview with

With an eye-catching name and equally dope aesthetic, Steezy On Doomsday, aka S.O.D, is a streetwear project. With the basic goal to connect streetwear brands with individuals who are interested in the scene so they can either promote the brand or model for it, S.O.D. also promotes everyone they are working with on their Instagram and are currently working on their own website to promote and publish articles about all of their 'clients.' Continually growing, evolving, and planning more things like Pop-Ups and 'Promotion-Tours,' we sat down with the project's creator to discuss Steezy On Doomsday's past, present, and future.

1. Could you tell us a little bit about Steezy On Doomsday and your mission?

Steezy On Doomsday is a streetwear project I've started like around a year ago I guess. I haven't had a name for it back then and kind of jumped into it totally unprepared. I was just scrolling through IG one day and saw some dope brands as well as some streetwear-oriented individuals who I have been following for quite some time and the idea to connect these two pieces with each other just popped up in my head. I thought most brands that are just getting started would love to work with people who can promote or model for them and almost no one would say no to working with a brand he or she fucks with. So I just started hitting up like hundreds of individuals and brands and I really got into it. After a couple of weeks I was doing pretty good because I was hitting up tons of brands and people every day and I started making some money off of it which was pretty dope because I haven't really thought about it I just went with it when a brand asked me how much it will cost them. So one day a brand wanted to work with a bunch of individuals at once and we worked out a deal which had them send me 80€ which was a good amount of money for me. Though they wanted to transfer it to my bank account and needed an invoice but I was like 'no, just paypal it' since I've done the same with the brands before. I never heard back from them again and I was fed up because I was putting in so much work, sending out tons and tons of messages every day, answering so many emails, getting denied by so many of the ones I've hit up and when I was finally about to finish a bigger deal, it just crashed. I ended up being so fed up about it that I stopped doing it, I was like fuck it it's kind of a waste of time but after a couple of weeks I thought to myself that it's a dope ass idea since it's something I can relate to and I know I can turn this into a big thing if I put enough work in it. So I overthought the whole project and made it more

professional. I started [my] own IG page for it and got an email address because I've been finding people with my personal page and text[ing] them with my personal email before that. I pointed out the biggest weaknesses of the way I approached it and found solutions for them and also added some new ideas to it. I started out doing all of this for free and I'm still currently not looking to make any money off of it which is not a big problem since I don't really have to pay anyone because my friends are the only ones who help me out here and there. I want to grow this business organically before I really start thinking about money. So now I'm here just looking to get this project of mine to the next level. I'm still texting a lot of brands and individuals every day to reach more people. I'm working on it every day to just push it to the max. Because in the end it's not about the money it's about building something that I can be proud of because I've build it up myself and because I love every single aspect of it. It makes me so happy that I've got this idea because it's just so much fun to do it, to find new brands and individuals with dope aesthetics every day and to reach out to people from all over the world. And with the plans for the future, like pop up stores in big cities where we can sell pieces of brands we are working with, in the back of my head it just feels like nobody can stop us and I'm really looking forward to see how far this can go!

2. What inspired you to start the project?

I really love streetwear and the whole culture that comes with it and I love it even more to find new brands that nobody I know really knows about: brands that are just getting started but already have a lot of potential to be a sick one. So I have been following a lot of these brands and IG pages that post them as well as just people I fuck with like skaters, rappers and just guys with a dope style. That's definitely the reason why I love doing this so much because I'm only working with people and brands that I really do like myself, it's pretty organic.



@_sw69_



@piilgrimclothing

3. You seem to have a great love for streetwear culture. How did you first get interested in it?

I really don't know. I guess it's because I've been listening to Hip-Hop for most of my life and you know the connection between streetwear and hip hop is obviously there. My mom used to put an Outkast CD in the recorder and let me and my brother listen to it back when I was pretty young and you know [I] just grew up listening to this type of music a lot, watching crazy amounts of interviews from rappers I like to following all of them on IG and seeing their outfits every day. And over the last couple of years I really got into it, like discovering all facets of it and it's just beautiful!

4. Where did the name Steezy On Doomsday come from?

That's actually a story I haven't really told anybody yet because it has to do with another project of mine. Me and a friend were looking for a name for the brand we are working on and Steezy On Doomsday was one of the names that were in the top 3 but in the end we went with another name. Though I thought that it's a dope name so I took it for this business since I haven't had a name for it yet.



@closefuture

5. How do you choose the brands and models that you work with?

By preference. I just scroll through Instagram every day and try to find new people to work with. I look through a lot of pages and if I find one [then] I write them down and then later try to get in contact with them. It can be the easiest part of it when I'm finding a lot of brands or individuals because I don't really have a type of brand or person that I'm looking for, I have a pretty wide spectrum of what I really like you just has to impress me in any way. But if I'm not finding anyone it's the worst part because you're just going through your IG for a long ass time seeing the same person you have looked at seconds before over and over again, it feels like a loop sometimes. Though I can look over this because if you then find a new brand or model you haven't seen before you feel good as hell!

6. What does your process of setting up a promotion campaign with a client look like?

I usually ask the brand what exactly they are looking for. It's definitely useful if they can give me a good description with many details since it makes it a little easier for me. I then contact some individuals who could fit what the brand is looking for and ask them if they would like to work with them. Afterwards we'll send a list of models they can choose from over to the brand so they can tell us who they want to like to work with. The brand then has the choice to either contact the people they want to work with or let us finish up everything.

This is the basic of how we connect brands and individuals!

7. What do you hope to achieve with the project?

I want to reach as many people from all over the world as I can. I want to turn this into a real agency, a real long-lasting business that helps small brands to grow and individuals to connect with brands. My biggest goal is probably opening a S.O.D store and not just one, I want to open as many stores as I can all over the world!

8. What do you picture a S.O.D. storefront looking like?

I would like to keep it minimal you know, not a lot of pieces hanging out and stuff. Rather modern decoration and of course some nice music playing in the background. Some crazy paintings referring to S.O.D would be perfect, maybe even some statues. As well I want my employees to be dope as fuck and friendly so everybody just feels welcome when they enter the store. I want to give the customers a little experience so that they want to come back every time.

@dezordie



9. Where are the best places to follow S.O.D.?

The best place to follow us is Instagram @steezyondoomsday, we have posted most of the individuals and brands we are working with there! We are currently still working on our website so this will be something to keep an eye on as well!

10. Any shoutouts/ recommendations / last thoughts?

I want to give a shoutout to the bando, big times are ahead of us! I want to give a shoutout to Ziggo X (@ziggoflex), a freaking underground rap legend from my area. Big shoutout to Cozy T, it's LF10 for life you know that! And I want to give a shoutout to my big brother because you know it's a family ting! Also check out GUAPO (@wholesquadguapo), this stuff is going to change the game!

11. How do you think social media has contributed to the rise of streetwear brands and what do you think that means for those looking to get into the field?

I think it definitely contributed a lot, it's unbelievable. I guess the best known example of this is Supreme, their hype is just unreal. Social Media and especially Instagram has made everything so global. Everybody can see everything and if you see a lot of people wearing a white Tee with a red box logo on it, most of the people are probably going to buy one as well. Social Media made it so easy for everybody to get started in this field in terms of getting a lot of people to see what you are doing and that's dope as fuck I mean you can make a Tee in Nigeria and people from Tokyo can see and buy it. Without social media I wouldn't be doing what I'm doing, I wouldn't be writing

@hellokeady





@feelingoodbby

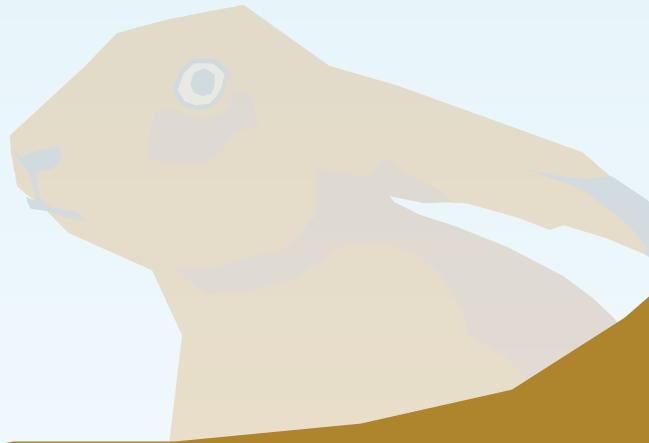
this text right now and a lot of money wouldn't have been made. But in the end you can have [a lot of] social media followers, [but] if you don't sell anything, you ain't shit. You can have 1 million followers on IG but nobody spends their money on your stuff because they don't really fuck with it. It's always easy to hit that follow button but it's not that easy to sell clothes and that's why you need followers who are passionate about your brand, people who don't give a damn about how many people follow you, they just like your designs and would spend their last cent to wear one of your hoodies, tees or whatever. These people are the foundation of your brand the ones that keep it alive, the million Instagram followers just put it into a whole other dimension but without the foundation no one can ever get as far as they really can get and especially can't hold on as long as they could.

So to sum it up I think social media can be beautiful as fuck because you can connect and reach so many freaking people with it and if you use it the right way you can really grow a big business online but it doesn't always show the reality.

**Interested brands, streetwear-oriented influencers, and photographers can hit up SOD @steezyondoomsday on Instagram or at ondoomsday-
steezy@gmail.com**

HOY -WARD HILL

Beginning our ascent talking about a girl of
Iranian ethnicity who transpired as being a total arsehole
We're picking at her like vultures because we know the prey's good
I know I say this about everything but I
think I've discovered a prehistoric jawline he says
picking up a rock
Welcome to the sandstone mountain hare realm where your jaw's
gonna get sparked out your puss says I
Dude don't throw rocks at the hares this is their realm
says I again at him trying to hit a hare with a different rock
That's like throwing rocks at a spirit animal





Handmade with 6 pieces of paper and glue.



Check out Curtis' feature
in our latest podcast >



TRIGGER WARNING: THIS PIECE CONTAINS SUBJECT MATTER RELATED TO ADDICTION AND DEATH.

A D D I C T I O N

Addiction:
New disciples
You're always welcome,
Erase emotions
Like you never felt them.

Addiction:
All religions and creeds,
Any shade of skin,
Whether you're six hundred pounds,
Or tiny, frail and thin.

Addiction:
Everyone's friend,
The equal-opportunity affliction,
Accepting all candidates,
Misdemeanor or felony convictions.

Addiction:
Open arms to the loser,
Open arms to Joe Cool,
Elite intelligence,
Gets played as the fool.

Addiction:
Will never care
In what town you were born,
It kills your friend,
Then helps you mourn.

Addiction:
A rapid false end,
To your problems and pain,
You'll succumb to the heat
Of its eternal flame.

Addiction:
Urban or rural,
You cannot hide,
Farmer, Lawyer, Cop,
Stripped of your pride.

Addiction:
Heartily feeding on the lonely
And misdirected,
Sullenly sneaking up,
When you least expect it.

Addiction:
On call 24 hours,
Covering every time zone,
Intact families beware,
It's breaking homes.

Addiction:
Turning peaceful families
To civil war,
Even the pimp,
Will become the whore.

Addiction:
Writing checks,
Your dignity can't cash,
Incoherent kids,
Selling their ass.

Addiction:
A façade of fake friends,
It becomes sublime,
Your family, your kids,
Fade to second in line.

Addiction:
Lifelong companions,
Become total strangers,
The loss of perception,
Enhances life's dangers.

Addiction:
A devil perched,
On either shoulder,
Your angel's crushed,
By his fiery boulder.

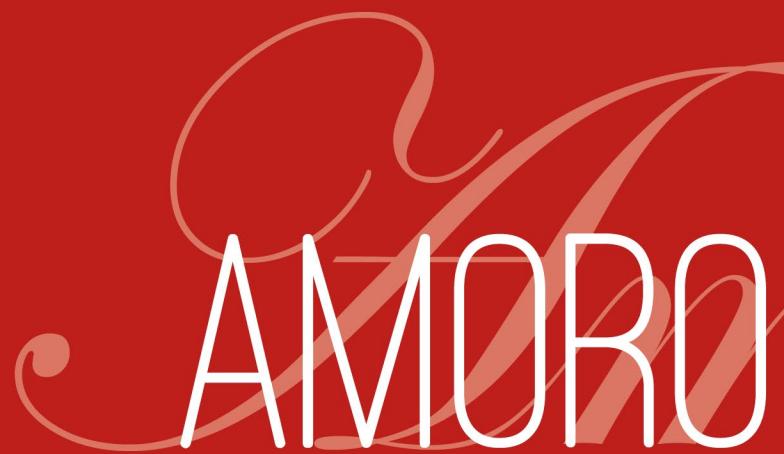
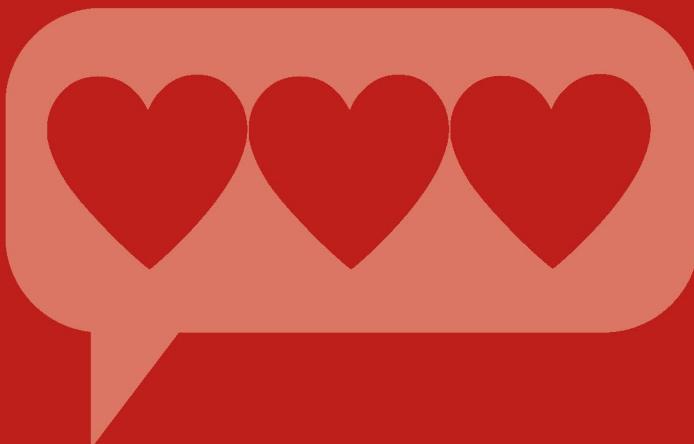
Addiction:
A baffling, cunning,
Insidious disease,
I battled the beast,
From my begging knees,
Yes, I, too, suffer,
So help me, please,
Someone, something,
Help, Keep me strong, Thr...

O N



LAGUNAART.COM/SEARCH?Q=KERNNS+

ough my addiction.



Amorous is one of Maryland/DC's newest, youngest, and most experimental shoegaze inspired projects. It delivers a hard punch of distortion on top of other dream-pop elements and stays true to the classic shoegaze elements having both male and female vocal accompaniment



Amorous is a project written and produced by Alec Young that has Caitlin accompanying him on vocals for recordings and both guitar and drums when performing live. The rest of the band consists of Iñigo Ezcurra and Rainor Dale who performs (in Scream and Milkbath) on guitar, and Ben on drums. These musicians are all from the music scenes in the metropolitan areas of DC and Baltimore.

CHECK OUT AMOROUS
ON BANDCAMP

US *noous*

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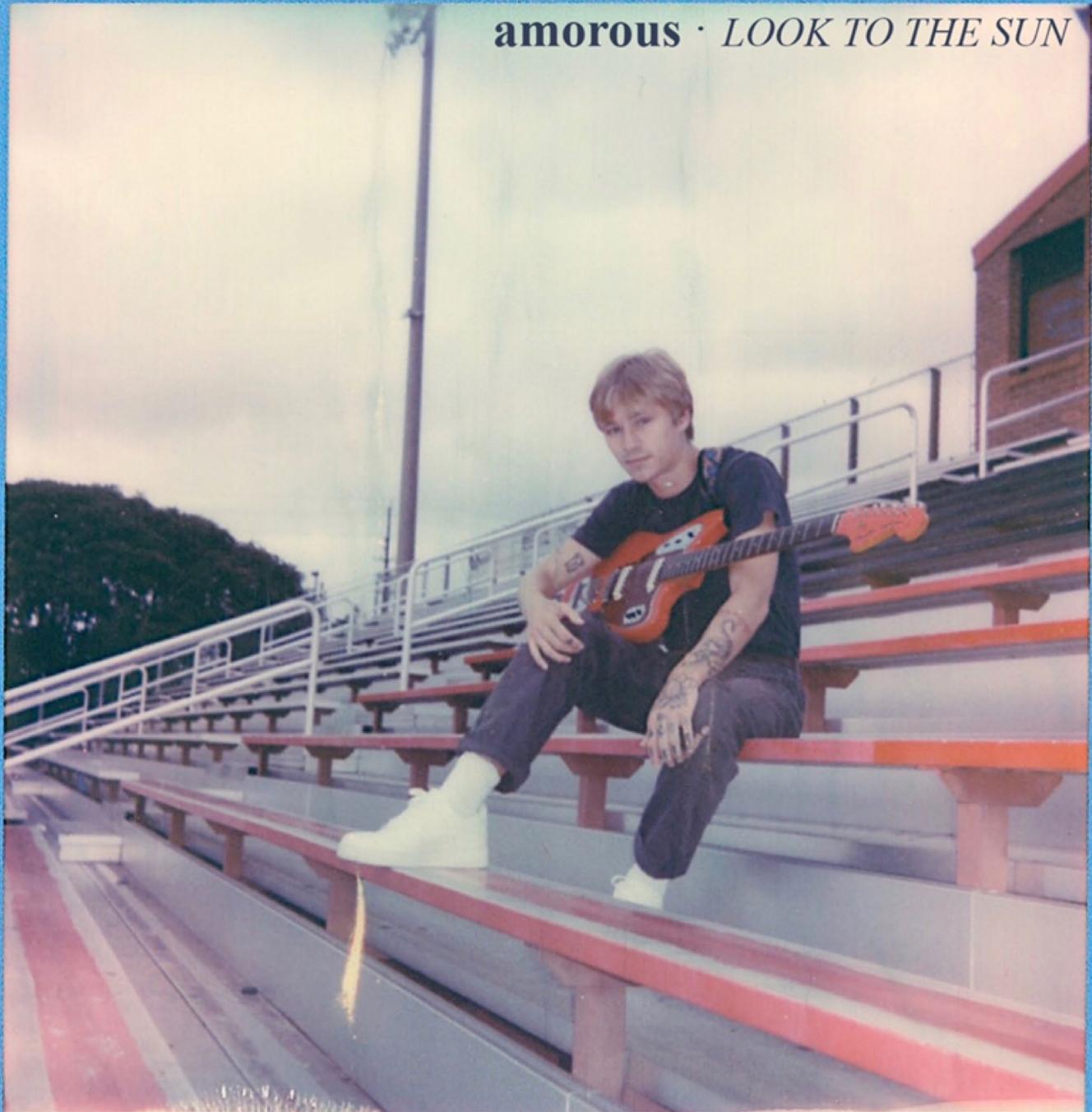
and produced
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OROUS
MP



LISTEN

amorous · *LOOK TO THE SUN*



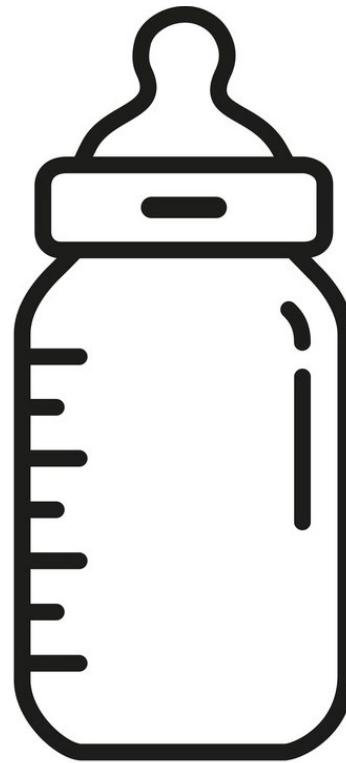
ON SP

NOW

amorous



OTIFY



1999



2019

WORLD
WILD
WEB

COLD METAL MEN

Graced lines grape vines,
Commandeering old ties,
Presuppositions lie on the fence between no man's land and the unknown,
Seeds are planted awaiting to grow,
In soil fertilised with immediacy,
Impulsivity is key,
For these young metal men to know the sanctity and purpose of their place,
Not to be indoctrinated between limes and lemons,
Misguided eyes weep with a lack of benevolence,
As they cut those pounds to pennies without thought of consequences,
Till the coppers come knocking at their door,
Situation response action spent,
At the core,
Its naive boys playing with narrow minded toys,
I should know better,

Time and money,
The only two currencies that they know,
We used to define such fabrications in hope we'd glow,
And separate the raw from refined through an expression of speech,
That seeps through the seams,
That verges on the tip on obnoxious amenities,
As ivory towers crumble with brash placements of bricks,
As self-inflicted reckonings fall like Jenga pieces,

What aspirations makes one great?
To ultimately win this vicious rat race,
With quick pace and no trace,
You don't want them to see you coming?
Creeping up with silent rhythms drumming,
Incessantly into the back of one's brain,



I've spent minutes, hours, days,
Where i swear i've gone insane,
On the precipice of boredom,
With only myself to blame,

Glasses thud,
As minefields of alcohol dampen my elbows on the bar,
"You've got better balance now than you probably ever have!", exclaimed,
As her forty year old feet pottered across the floor,
Between beacons of synthetic lights and handheld screens,
No bright light neon scenes,
Just vacuums,
Portable dreams just the touch of a button away,
And you wonder why I find it difficult going down to the pub with you for a drink?

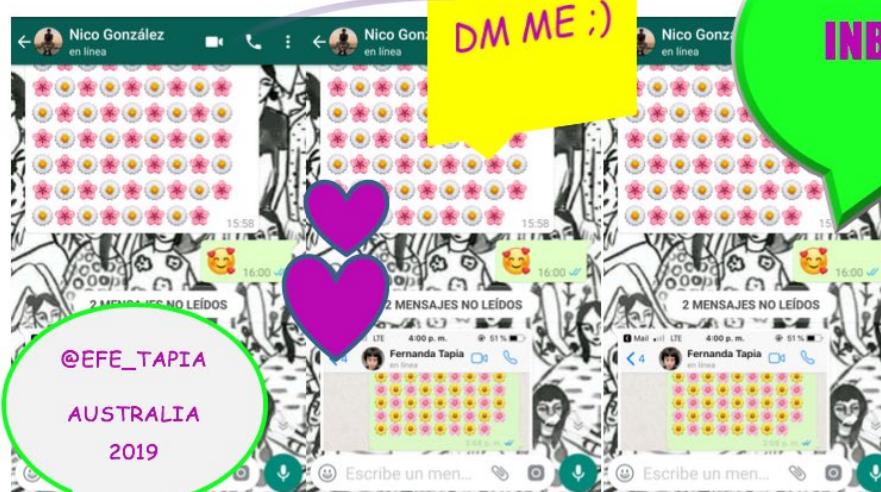
Cause now-a-days,
There's a black hole in every pocket,
The question, "Have you got a charger, where's the socket?"
Fuck it,
I want what's in front of me,
Something tangible and in reach that I can grasp within the space i preach and practice,
The shepherd to his flock,
To be great one must relinquish these current traits,
To rise above transcendental state,
And rise is what they do!

They ride that fantastical locomotive,
Whose rails can be difficult to maintain in motion,
To not get bogged down with dramatized commotions and notions,
Set by false prophets and deities,
Stripes that fuel long nights that get the best of me,
But i not of them,
My idols they aren't far from this tree,
They fall within close proximity to me,

They are the alchemists in motion,
They pluck nutrients from the air and expose them for all too see,
It's the simplicity that humbles me,
The ordinary and everyday,
Insignificant depending on one's species,

We break boulders into rock into stones and finally into gravel,
Sift through the dust just like the klondike rabble,
Who collectively plucked precious gems for the river bed,
I hear his words now when I rest my head,
Back into the comfort of my cold soft mess,

But now it is different,
And it's time to confess,
Cause I no longer will let those words rest,
Between the stagnant sheeted shackles that embraced me and i them,
We are the cold metal men.



I hope if my phone vibrates
 it is to tell me that *you have texted me*
 To announce a voice message from you
 A picture of you
 A virtual caress of your encrypted hands
 I hope if my phone vibrates
 it is to call me to some *adventure*
 To **challenge the destiny**
 A calling from a reciprocate *passion*
 In this **sea of likes**
 whose waves are always **mirages**



NAZNAHIDI.COM



Check out Curtis' podcast feature >



[FACEBOOK.COM/COLLAGETHEWORLD](https://www.facebook.com/collagetheworld)

I created this while living in Mexico City.

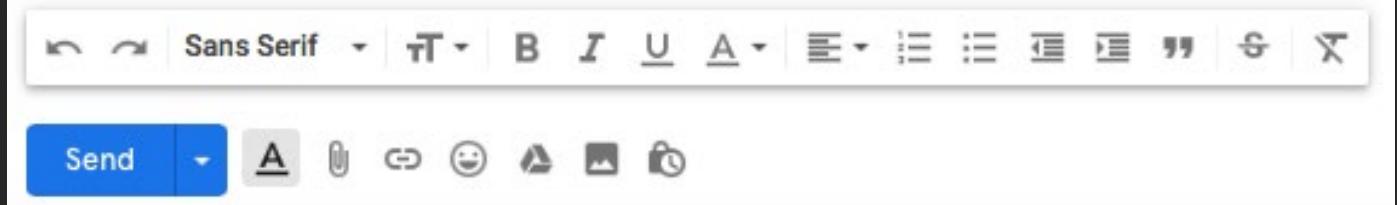
To leave my body another night:

lean
into the bouncer

bray into the flashing
smoke, for night spiraling
night

walk
with one cigarette pointing toward
the beach

say oh jesus
watching her flip her hair





Masquerade

Living in a masquerade
Hiding our truths in the shade
Veiled Behind electronic devices
The Physical world Minimizes

Concealed behind a blue and white light
No melatonin released at night
Our brains don't accept it's time to sleep
And every day we're on repeat

A vicious cycle ceases to stop
When hid behind our phones and laptop

Wanting to be something we're not
Living life through a mobile robot
Pupils straining , brains rearranging
Photograph your food , words misconstrued

We used to wear watches and read paper maps
Took photos with cameras , had real contact
We spent Summer days out in the fresh air,
riding our bikes with the wind in our hair

Simulation , stimulation lost inside a lie
Isolation, modification , apps that beautify
Lacking essential social skills
Online Casino gives you thrills

Book shops closing , hackers disclosing
Filters , snaps of zombies posing
Selfie sticks and brains decomposing
Judging ourselves With an air of self loathing
Expectations of Instant gratification
Vulnerable souls face Victimisation
Predators and bullies target their prey
Illicit pictures on display

Conversations overthrown
Surrounded by people
Yet still quite alone

With one selfish text lives become wrecked
Took your eyes off the road just for a sec
Sirens arriving , little chance of surviving
All because of your self-absorbed driving

We hold it dearer than humanity
Ignorant and lost at sea
We need to find our way back to land
And release these crutches from our hands





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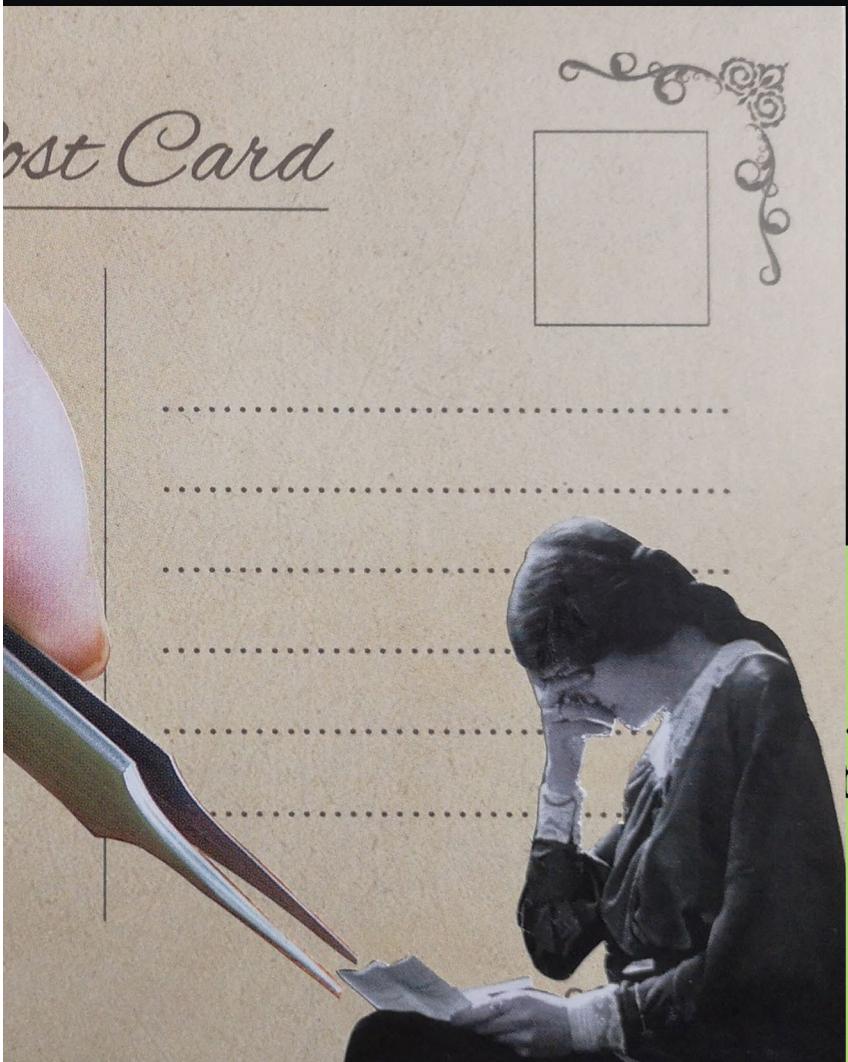
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I am heartbreak
made up of silent confessions
unfinished arguments that leave you feeling half empty
a forced smile to give the impression of being okay
sobbing into pillows at night with
bundled blankets between clenched fists
untold feelings
love letters that never reached their destination
swallowing back that lump in your throat
when the emptiness overcomes you
and there doesn't seem to be any antidote
for the pain
I am heartbreak
society's most romanticized tragedy



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THE REASONS THEY THINK WE ARE MOVING TO MIAMI

1.

The morning after you leave,
our headphones
tangle on the nightstand. When I go
to pick them up to pack
they won't let go

of each other until I unplug them,
unknot their tangles;
my fingertips pressing and releasing
at their curves, at ends and bends;
their moments of intertwining. The sheets

were the same, the towels; the familiar
grin on the bellman we gave your
long-stalked flowers to. The sky, too,
is a jumble of Art Deco and inhaling
exasperated clouds now and across
the street the ocean can't even decide
between blue and green and the white
crush of waves as they stay relatively
distant from the shore. I know

there's more of you here

in the toothbrush you left or the half-sipped bottle of water that's blending the space of this room into a warped and kaleidoscopic view of the two of us on either side of a mirror on a door; and then on either side of each other in this constant cause for reflection.

When I see us, there, I know where I should be.

2.

You prepared me for all of this
one night
when we spoke about music
and movies and themes on the phone.

You said,
"But what do you think of silence?"

3.

You've been in the air for less
than 20 minutes and I feel like
I haven't heard you laugh for days.

Hurry hurry home.
Hurry
hurry home.
Hurry hurry home
to me.

4.

At the airport
the TSA agent understands enough
to point us to a corner after you've shown
your boarding pass. She smiles at you
on your toes and our mouths and palms
and fingers and clutching.

You aren't even on the airplane yet
and you're becoming air, the TSA agent
knows, the inhale and gulp of breathing,





of getting more, of not having enough time
or touches or words to explain it all
or anything.

5.
You said, "Why are you always looking at me
like that
when I kiss you?"

I said, "You know you wouldn't notice
unless you were looking at me, too."

6.
Back in line you tell me, "I'm going
to change my ticket." You don't know
I don't know which one.

But everyone we've seen
for the last four days can tell
how much the two of us mean
to them, for some reason;
to each other.
We belong.

7.
How much everything means, they know.

I've never seen people so unshakably
sure of anything in my life
like the way strangers hold the door
for us
or look our way
in the elevator, at the pool.

8.
You know
I know you know
I really don't want
you to leave.

9.
I fill postcards.
Take photos of places you've been.

Look up pink flowers.
Walk Lincoln Road
and retrace your footfalls.

I complain about the heat
without you.
I think about what you'd say.

You say "it." You say
"Know what I mean?"

It's morning in Miami
and even the sunshine beams
are quiet in this coffee shop
contemplation.

10.
There's a Botticelli across town
where the Italian sky's now torn
while the stacked onlookers
announce a new angel, a levitation,
a reason for Renaissance reds
and blue hues in layers and folds
and triangle-shaped composition;

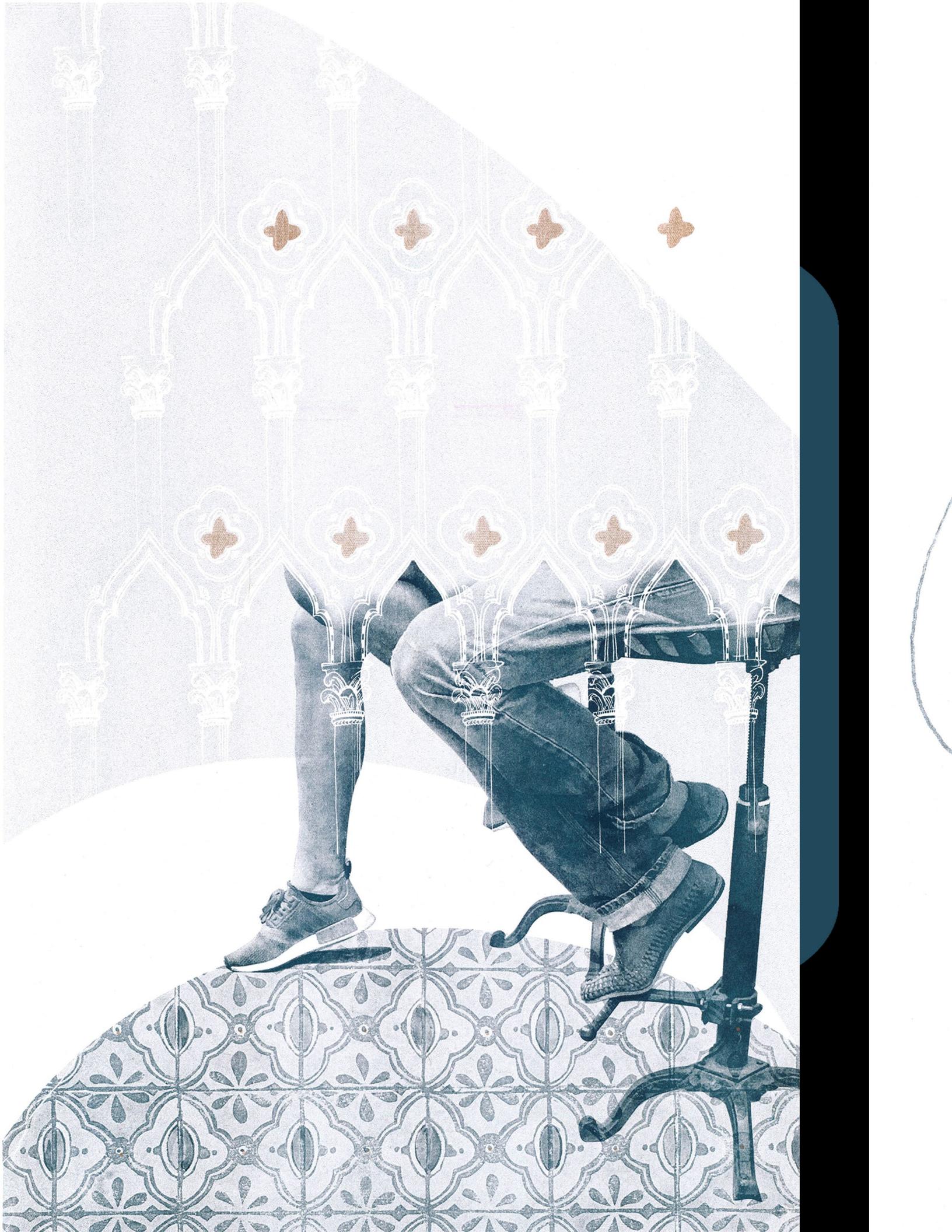
a bouquet of custom and specific
haloes as varied as the breaths
a pair of lovers make when waking up
or sleeping or when noticing an eye glint,
a shared laugh, a new memory,
a realization. You're in the sky

and I'm here and the curves of earth
are kinder to us every day now. You know
the things I'm saying, not saying, looking
backwards and now forward to. You know
the sky will hold you up and move you.
You know I'm coming with you
even if you
reach the air without me.

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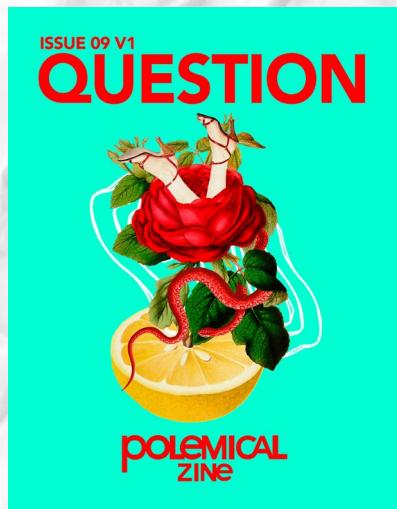
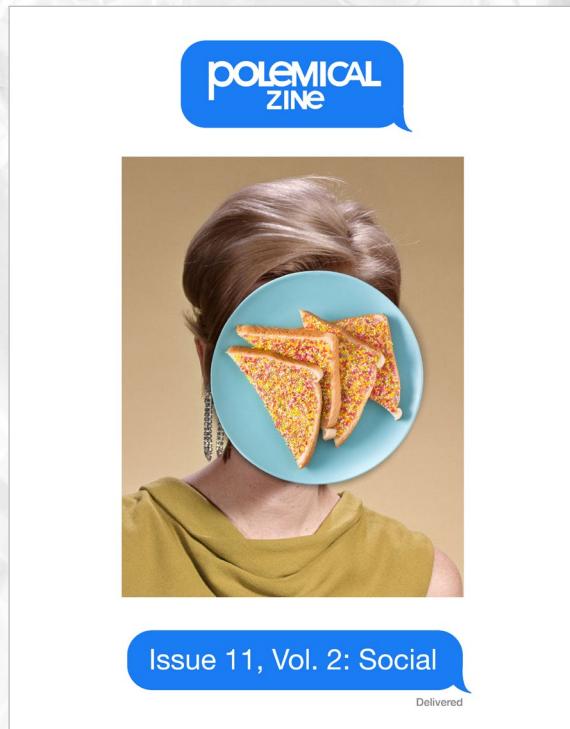




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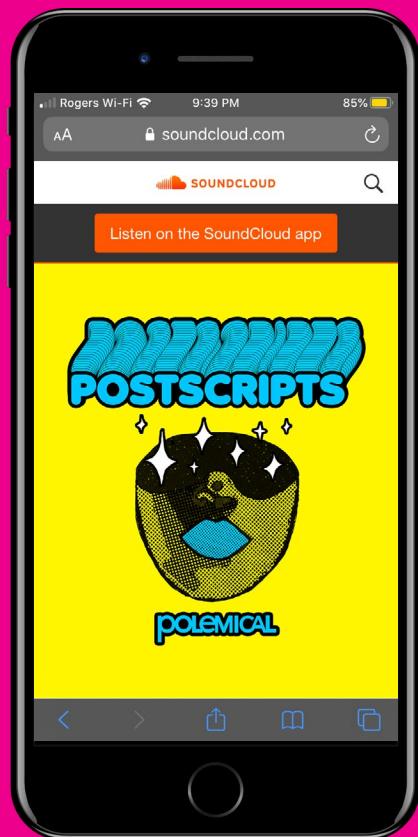
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THANK YOU ALL ↗

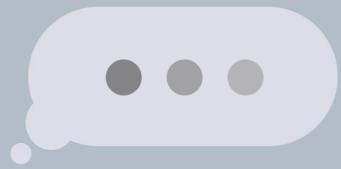
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